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Council Chambers when he reported that the room was taken, otherwise he would have spotted David there. We did a recap for David when he came down the stairs, and the meeting was over by 8:15 P.M. I had no sense that a meeting had taken place and felt extremely frustrated. I need the format of an official meeting in order to know that a meeting took place, even though I know that a meeting took place (in the lobby). HLRP says that she doesn't really believe someone is dead unless there is a funeral and she attends it. I understand that. Certain actions must be played out in their entirety. John Buberniak and I went to Mister Donut and chatted for about 45 minutes to an hour. We agreed to meet on Sunday at 1 P.M. at City Hall and to go on a photographic expedition in Carbondale. We listed the sites that we would photograph. John told me that he has begun to write a history of Carbondale and that he is typing it up as he goes along. I heartily encouraged him in this project and told him that it was an excellent idea that he do a history of Carbondale. He will dedicate it to the CRCCH. I think I will tell him that he should, in my opinion, dedicate it to his grandfather--from whom he learned so much about Carbondale. At the meeting we agreed to have a work session on Saturday morning--John and I were the only ones to show up, as it turns out. I will now describe Saturday and then return to Friday. At 10 A.M. I arrived at City Hall and John was there. We went up to level four of the tower and began to bag the pigeon manure. John took out the lancet windows on the eastern side of the tower and we created a wonderful cross current and the dust went right out the window--we worked "cleanly" for an hour or so, and then Ben Hannon of Hurricane Roofing & Siding Co. (463 N. Dexter Ave., Scranton, 347-0211) appeared and John and I showed him around and he will submit a bid on the roof repair. He was very positive and didn't seem intimidated by the height of the tower roof or by any of the things that slow down some local (Carbondale) contractors. They belong to the school of "I can't do it and therefore it can't be done" workers. This fellow from Hurricane was the antithesis of that attitude--he was very positive and professional and approached the problem in a very matter-of-fact manner. I found his approach very refreshing. Someone from Phoenix was also supposed to show up and make a bid, but he never did. John and I stopped for lunch: McDonnell's--I had the salad bar and John had a hamburger, french fries and a coke. After lunch, which was very relaxing, we returned to the tower and finished bagging. We then went over to the Columbia Hose Company and borrowed their rake and I did some more raking in Memorial Park. Before the raking session, we presented Miss Muldoon with two books that we had found in City Hall. One was a copy of Roderick Hudson by James, which was the CPL's book, and which had been checked out since 1947. We asked Miss Muldoon how much the fine would be. She laughed and that was that. We then repaired to the Park and raked. At the end of the raking session, I went, with John, to the Post Office and picked up the mail. It seems to me that I had the car, but I don't recall where I parked it or I don't recall driving John home, which I must have done. Now, I remember what happened. After the Post Office we walked down to the Thrift Store on South Main where John's mother works and visited there for a bit. I then asked John if he wanted to go up to Maplewood and pick up papers with me. He was pleased to do so and to Maplewood we went and picked up several garbage bags full of paper and beer bottles. As I parked the car at the Robinson Avenue gate, Suchnick was on his steps visiting with the Postman. I said hello to Suchnick and that was all. John and I spent an hour or so in the Cemetery and picked up a lot and John righted a few stones that had been knocked over. I enjoyed the whole session a great deal. I was feeling very protective about the Cemetery and was in a world unto myself--me, the Cemetery and history. It's a familiar mood for me to be in. I know where I am in space, but in time I am not situated in the present. On Saturday afternoon in Maplewood I was there from 1832 to 1982--one hundred and fifty years simultaneously. We, actually it was John, spotted Ruth Emmons on the

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sidewalk on Cemetery Street and he called out to her and she came over and chatted. She reported that the bad automobile accident about 20 years ago resulted in the granite balls from the entrance gate being knocked off--the car came down the hill at such a rate of speed that it flew over the gate and into the Cemetery, knocking off the granite balls and knocking over several tombstones in the process. I recall hearing about the accident and I remember that a young couple were in the car. The girl was killed and I believe the boy lived. It was a pleasant chat. After Mrs. Emmons left, John reported that her husband is presently dying of cancer and he refuses to see a doctor. John and I discovered one of the granite balls down over the hill: on the other side of the former O&W tracks. That will be one of my projects this summer--to retrieve that ball and have it replaced on the pedestal at the gate at the middle of the cemetery. I hope that all four of them can be located. I drove John home and arrived at Box 29 just in time for supper. After supper I suggested to HLRP that we go pay a social call on Cousin Peg--which we did. When we arrived in Jermyn, at about 7 P.M., 337 McKinley was illuminated everywhere within. Peg was home. She was there with her "charge" or whatever, from Carbondale. Peg gave me an envelope of clippings about City Hall and also a large envelope of material of Joey's--I have not yet had a chance to examine it carefully. More personal papers and such that belonged to Joey. I very much appreciate Peg's clipping City Hall material from the newspapers, and I told her so. Peg's "charge" (a deprived/underprivileged or whatever) young lady from Carbondale is a slow learner with virtually no retention of what she has learned: five minutes after you answer a question for her, she asks the same question again. Peg didn't look well--black and blue in the face. Mother and I agreed that she didn't have much color. We had tea and stayed for an hour or so and then returned to 18407. Very pleasant. Now, back to Friday: I went to the Post Office and retrieved a large envelope of letters from 161 and then went to the NEWS. I bore my soul to David. I told him that I was angry, frustrated, out-of-sorts at the conduct/response of my fellow committee members. None of them, or rather, very few of them, do anything for the City Hall. I went on and on for about three minutes and then told DJB that I appreciated being able to bear my soul to him and that I would be OK but that at the moment I was very frustrated with the restoration project. I want it to go faster and faster and it is not going as fast as I would like it to go. I'm being too impatient, I realize. I also realize that no one takes it all as serious as I do. David and John Buberniak are very committed to the project, but with me it is central to my existence at the moment and I can think of nothing else. Naturally, I am shocked when the rest of the world does not ascribe to the restoration project the same importance that I do. No matter. We shall proceed onward and onward. Brick by brick we shall proceed. After I left the NEWS I hurriedly went back to the Big Chief parking lot to leave a note on the family car, telling HLRP that I would ride home with her after her dentist's appointment. I left the note on the car, and as I was walking down Main Street I saw HLRP coming at me. I asked her if she wanted to walk to Roemmelmeyers with me to inquire about lettering for a flag that I will make for Carbondale. We went in and the lady said that they didn't have lettering, but said that the fabric store down in Keyser Oak might and so HLRP and I went down and bought some lettering and fabric and later on Friday I cut out the essentials of the flag. I will soon ask Ann to sew down the designs and that will be that. On Friday night I enlisted HLRP's help in measuring and cutting the patterns. When we arrived at Box 29 we had lunch and then I decided that I would set up a few appointments for contractors: I arranged two for Saturday and two or three for Tuesday. I felt better having done so. I then went up